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ΤΑ ΚΑΘ'

ΗΡΩ ΚΑΙ ΛΕΑΝΔΡΟΝ.

LONDINI:

TYPIS GULIELMI MARTIN.

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MUSAEUS.

THE

LOVES

OF

HERO AND LEANDER.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. BULMER AND CO.

MDCCXCVII.

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THE LOVES

OF

HERO AND LEANDER.

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ΤΑ ΚΑΘ'

ΗΡΩ ΚΑΙ ΛΕΑΝΔΡΟΝ.

Εἰπὲ, Θεὰ, κρυφίων ἐπιμάρτυρα λύχνον ἐρώτων,
Καὶ νύχιον πλωτῆρα θαλασσοπόρων ὑμεναίων,
Καὶ γάμον ἀχλυόεντα, τὸν οὐκ ἴδεν ἄφθιτος Ἠώς,
Καὶ Σηστὸν καὶ Ἄζυδον, ὅπη γάμος ἔννυχος Ἡροῦς.
Νηχόμενόν τε Λέανδρον ὁμοῦ καὶ λύχνον ἀκούω,

THE LOVES

OF

HERO AND LEANDER.

Sing, conscious Muse, the torch, whose friendly rays,
To joys of love, each night, supplied their blaze;
Sing too, the wanderer o'er the fearful tide,
Who, spite of danger, sought his lovely bride;
The secret marriage, whose clandestine rite
Was ne'er discover'd to the morning's light.
Tell where Abydos, tell where Sestos stands;
Tell Hero, nightly bound in marriage bands.
E'en now I see Leander's arm, that broke
The threatening billows, with its nervous stroke;

Λύχνον, ἀπαγέλλοντα διακτορίην Ἀφροδίτης,
Ἡρῦς νυκτιγάμοιο γαμαστόλον ἀγελιώτην·
Λύχνον, ἔρωτος ἄγαλμα· τὸν ὤφελεν αἰθέριος Ζεὺς
Ἐννύχιον μετ' ἄεθλον ἄγειν ἐς ὁμήγυριν ἄστρων,
Καί μιν ἐπικλῆσαι νυμφοστόλον ἄστρον ἐρώτων,
Ὅτλι πέλεν συνέριθος ἐρωμανέων ὀδυνάων,
Ἀγελίην τ' ἐφύλαξεν ἀκοιμήτων ὑμεναίων,
Πρὶν χαλεπὸν πνοιῇσιν ἀῆμεναι ἐχθρὸν ἀήτην.
Ἀλλ' ἄγε, μοι μέλποντι, μίαν συνάειδε τελευτὴν
Λύχνου σβεννυμένοιο, καὶ ὀλλυμένοιο Λεάνδρου.

Σηστὸς ἔην καὶ Ἄβυδος ἐναντίον· ἐγγύθι πόντου
Γείτονές εἰσι πόληες· Ἔρως δ' ἀνὰ τόξα τιταίνων
Ἀμφοτέρῃς πολίεσσιν ἕνα ξυνέηκεν ὀϊστὸν,

The hanging lamp, that call'd to love away,
Whose pleasures shunn'd the intrusive eye of day;
The hanging lamp, whose simple gleam was shed,
Sole grace of Hero's hymeneal bed;
Which Jove, in recompense, should place above,
A constellation dedicate to love!
That oft, with kindest offices assuaged
Those pangs, which in Leander's bosom raged:
A faithful messenger, that lent its aid
To bless the nuptials of the Sestian maid;
Till rose the wind, whose fury swept away
The friendly influence of its guiding ray.
Ah! sing the blast, that quench'd at once in night
The daring lover, and the trembling light.
Where old Abydos frown'd upon the flood,
The towers opposed of lofty Sestos stood.
The neighbouring walls on either shore arose,
Where Hellespont's impetuous current flows.
But Love, who scorns the ocean's power to part,
Through the two cities sent one forceful dart;

Ἠΐθεον φλέξας, καὶ παρθένον· ὄνομα δ' αὐτῶν,
Ἱμερόεις τε Λέανδρος ἔην, καὶ παρθένος Ἡρώ.
Ἡ μὲν Σηστὸν ἔναιεν, ὁ δὲ πλολίεθρον Ἀζύδου·
Ἀμφοτέρων πολίων περικαλλέες ἀστέρες ἄμφω·
Εἴκελοι ἀλλήλοισι. Σὺ δ', εἴποτε κεῖθι περήσεις,
Δίζεό μοί τινα σῦριγγον, ὅπη ποτὲ Σηστιὰς Ἡρὼ
Ἵστατο λύχνον ἔχουσα, καὶ ἡγεμόνευε Λεάνδρῳ·
Δίζεο δ' ἀρχαίης ἁλιηχέα πορθμὸν Ἀζύδου,
Εἰσέτι που κλαίοντα μόρον καὶ ἔρωτα Λεάνδρου
Ἀλλὰ πόθεν Λείανδρος, Ἀζυδόθι δώματα ναίων,
Ἡροῦς ἐς πόθον ἦλθε, πόθῳ δ' ἐνέδησε καὶ αὐτήν;
Ἡρὼ μὲν χαρίεσσα, διοτρεφὲς αἷμα λαχοῦσα,
Κύπριδος ἦν ἱέρεια· γάμων δ' ἀδίδακτος ἐοῦσα,

A youthful pair he struck, that own'd his flame,
And gain'd two victims with a single aim.
Leander's beauties were Abydos' boast,
And Hero's charms gave grace to Sestos' coast:
Each for the other form'd! in either town,
Above their peers, as brightest stars they shone.
Stranger! if e'er thy steps should tread that land,
Inquire the tower, where Hero oft would stand,
And rear the torch high o'er the deep abyss,
To guide her lover to the shore of bliss.
Inquire the passage, where the torrent brawls,
And surges whiten round Abydos' walls;
That now, perchance, in gentler waves may move,
To mourn Leander's fate, and faithful love.
But say, how he, that in Abydos dwelt,
The powerful influence of her beauty felt;
Say how he tried the maiden's love to gain,
And in her bosom raise a mutual pain.

The beauteous Hero drew her race from Jove,
A virgin priestess of the queen of love:

Πύργον ἀπὸ προγόνων παρὰ γείτονι ναῖε θαλάσσῃ,
Ἄλλη Κύπρις ἄνασσα· σαοφροσύνῃ δὲ καὶ αἰδοῖ,
Οὐδέποτ' ἀγρομένῃσι μεθωμίλησε γυναιξὶν,
Οὐδὲ χορὸν χαρίεντα μετήλυθεν ἥλικος ἥβης,
Μῶμον ἀλευομένη ζηλήμονα θηλυτεράων·
(Καὶ γὰρ ἐπ' ἀγλαΐῃ ζηλήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες)
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Κυθέρειαν ἱλασκομένη Ἀφροδίτην,
Πολλάκι καὶ τὸν Ἔρωτα παρηγορέεσκε θυηλαῖς,
Μητρὶ σὺν οὐρανίῃ, φλογερὴν τρομέουσα φαρέτρην.
Ἀλλ' οὐδ' ὡς ἀλέεινε πυριπνείοντας οἴστούς.
Δὴ γὰρ Κυπριδίη πανδήμιος ἦλθεν ἑορτὴ,
Τὴν ἀνὰ Σηστὸν ἄγουσιν Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ·
Πανσυδίῃ δ' ἔσπευδον ἐς ἱερὸν ἦμαρ ἱκέσθαι
Ὅσσοι ναιετάεσκον ἀλιστεφέων σφυρὰ νήσων·
Οἱ μὲν ἀφ' Αἱμονίης, οἱ δ' εἰναλίης ἀπὸ Κύπρου.

Where o'er the sea the turret rears its head,
Far from the world retired, her life she led:
Sequester'd deep in solitude, she knew
No noisy dancers, and no festive crew;
But dwelt conceal'd, the fairest of her race,
Another Goddess of the sacred place.
Discreet, and modest, ne'er she join'd the throng,
Where jealous weakness points detraction's tongue:
For all the sex, when beauty is the theme,
Another's praise, their own dishonour deem.
But Cytherea still with hymns she praised,
And Cupid's altars with her incense blazed.
Nor hymn, nor incense, could secure her heart
Free from the flame of Love's all conquering dart:
For now approach'd the festal day, that bore
The pious votaries from each neighbouring shore;
From every land, to grace the pomp, they came,
Sacred to Venus' and Adonis' name.
From Thrace's cloud-topt mountains, bare, and steep,
From Cyprus, too, that rises from the deep.

Οὐδὲ γυνή τις ἔμιμνεν ἐνὶ πλολίεσσι Κυθήρων,
Οὐ Λιζάνου ϑυόεντος ἐνὶ πλερύγεσσι χορεύων,
Οὐδὲ περικτίονων τις ἐλείπετο τῆμος ἑορτῆς,
Οὐ Φρυγίης ναέτης, οὐ γείτονος ἀστὸς Ἀζύδου,
Οὐδέ τις ἠϊθέων φιλοπάρθενος· ἦ γὰρ ἐκεῖνοι
Αἰὲν ὁμαρτήσαντες ὅπη φάτις ἐστὶν ἑορτῆς,
Οὐ τόσον Ἀθανάτων ἀγέμεν σπεύδουσι ϑυηλὰς,
Ὅσσον ἀγειρομένων διὰ κάλλεα παρθενικάων.
Ἡ δὲ ϑεῆς ἀνὰ νηὸν ἐπῴχετο παρθένος Ἠρὼ,
Μαρμαρυγὴν χαρίεσσαν ἀπαστράπλουσα προσώπου,
Οἷά τε λευκοπάρηος ἐπαντέλλουσα σελήνη·
Ἄκρα δὲ χιονέων φοινίσσετο κύκλα παρειῶν,

No lively female longer could remain
In the fair towns that graced Cythera's plain;
No dancer linger'd where the cedars spread,
On aromatick Lebanon, their shade.
No youth, whose heart to beauty's influence beat,
But flew, with joy, the accustom'd day to greet;
Eager to follow, at the cheerful call,
Where'er was heard the sound of festival.
The pressing crowds towards the temple move,
Some by religion led, but more by love:
For not so numerous those, who haste to pour
Their welcome offerings to the sacred store,
As those, whose vows and youthful prayers belong
To female graces, and the virgin throng.
Now while fair Hero leads the pious train,
Her eye's bright radiance sparkles through the fane.
As when the moon, chaste mistress of the night,
Sheds all around a clear, yet modest, light.
The ruddy blushes on her cheeks that glow,
Fade in the whiteness of surrounding snow;

Ὡς ῥόδον ἐκ καλύκων διδυμόχροον· ἦ τάχα φαίης
Ἠροῦς ἐν μελέεσσι ῥόδων λειμῶνα φανῆναι.
Χροιὴν γὰρ μελέων ἐρυθαίνετο· νισσομένης δὲ
Καὶ ῥόδα λευκοχίτωνος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ λάμπετο κούρης.
Πολλαὶ δ' ἐκ μελέων Χάριτες ῥέον. οἱ δὲ παλαιοὶ
Τρεῖς Χάριτας ψεύσαντο πεφυκέναι· εἷς δέ τις Ἠροῦς
Ὀφθαλμὸς γελόων ἑκατὸν χαρίτεσσι τεθήλει.
Ἀτρεκέως ἱέρειαν ἐπάξιον εὗρατο Κύπρις.
Ὡς ἡ μὲν, περὶ πολλὸν ἀριστεύσασα γυναικῶν
Κύπριδος ἀρήτειρα, νέη διεφαίνετο Κύπρις.
Δύσατο δ' ἠϊθέων ἁπαλὰς φρένας. οὐδέ τις ἀνδρῶν
Ἦεν, ὃς οὐ μενέαινεν ἔχειν ὁμοδέμνιον Ἠρώ.

As pale the edges of the rose are seen,
When the bud breaks from the encircling green.
And as she treads, beneath her vestments clear,
The mingled flowers in varied tints appear.
So, o'er her dress, while sportive fancy stray'd,
A bower of roses seem'd the beauteous maid.
Ease flows in all her limbs.—In ancient days,
Three Graces only claim'd the meed of praise ;
Who fix'd their numbers thus, had never seen
The beauteous servant of the Cyprian queen :
For in her eyes, where smiles and pleasure dance,
A hundred graces brighten every glance.
Ah! wisely Venus such a priestess chose,
Who far beyond her sex in beauty rose ;
Who, as another Goddess, seem'd to shine,
And, while she worshipp'd, was herself divine!
Fired with her charms, no youth but own'd his pain,
No youth but strove the virgin's love to gain ;
Nor saw her move, but panted to enjoy
Such matchless beauty, in a nymph so coy.

Ἡ δ' ἄρα καλλιθέμεθλον ὅπη κατὰ νηὸν ἀλᾶτο,
Ἐσπόμενον νόον εἶχε, καὶ ὄμματα, καὶ φρένας ἀνδρῶν.
Καὶ τις ἐν ἠιθέοισιν ἐθαύμασε, καὶ φάτο μῦθον.
Καὶ Σπάρτης ἐπέβην. Λακεδαίμονος ἔδρακον ἄστυ,
Ἤιχι μόθον καὶ ἄεθλον ἀκούομεν ἀγλαϊάων·
Τοίην δ' ὔπω ὄπωπα νέην, κεδνήν θ', ἁπαλήν τε.
Καὶ τάχα Κύπρις ἔχει Χαρίτων μίαν ὁπλοτεράων.
Παπλαίνων ἐμόγησα, κόρον δ' οὐχ εὗρον ὀπωπῆς.
Αὐτίκα τεθναίην λεχέων ἐπιβήμενος Ἡροῦς·
Οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἐφιμείρω θεὸς εἶναι.
Ἡμετέρην παράκοιτιν ἔχων ἐνὶ δώμασιν Ἡρώ.
Εἰ δέ μοι οὐκ ἐπέοικε τεὴν ἱέρειαν ἀφάσσειν,

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As through the admiring crowd, with pious haste,
To deck the altar's splendid pile she pass'd,
Each thought abstracted from devotion fled,
Each heart but follow'd where the senses led.
While 'mid the band, distinguish'd from the rest,
Some wondering youth his fond surprise express'd.
'Yes! I have been, ere now, on Spartan ground,
'Where beauty's worth with praises due is crown'd;
'But none with Hero ever could compare,
'So young, so diffident, and yet so fair!
'Now may the Goddess boast, nor boast in vain,
'A younger Grace attendant in her train.
'Long have I gazed upon her charms, but still
'My aching eyes will never gaze their fill.
'Ah, were she mine for but one happy day,
'Wrapt in her arms, I'd breathe my soul away,
'And view, unenvious, bless'd with Hero's love,
'The Olympian mansions of the gods above.
'Ah Venus! if my vows thou wilt not hear,
'Nor give thy priestess to my ardent prayer,

Τοίην μοι, Κυθέρεια, νέην παράκοιτιν ὀπάσσαις.
Τοῖα μὲν ἠϊθέων τις ἐφώνεεν· ἄλλοθεν ἄλλος
Ἕλκος ὑποκλέπτων ἐπεμήνατο κάλλεϊ κούρης.
Αἰνοπαθὲς Λείανδρε, σὺ δ' ὡς ἴδες εὐκλέα κούρην,
Οὐκ ἔθελες κρυφίοισι καΐατρύχειν φρένα κέντροις·
Ἀλλὰ πυριπνεύστοισι δαμεὶς ἀδόκητον ὀϊστοῖς,
Οὐκ ἔθελες ζώειν περικαλλέος ἄμμορος Ἡροῦς.
Σὺν βλεφάροιν δ' ἀκτῖσιν ἀέξετο πυρσὸς ἐρώτων,
Καὶ κραδίη πάφλαζεν ἀνικήτου πυρὸς ὁρμῇ.
Κάλλος γὰρ περίπυστον ἀμωμήτοιο γυναικὸς
Ὀξύτερον μερόπεσσι πέλει πλερόεντος ὀϊστοῦ.
Ὀφθαλμὸς δ' ὁδός ἐστιν· ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῖο βολάων
Κάλλος ὀλισθαίνει, καὶ ἐπὶ φρένας ἄνδρὸς ὁδεύει.
Εἶλε δέ μιν τότε θάμβος, ἀναιδείη, τρόμος, αἰδώς.
Ἔτρεμε μὲν κραδίη, αἰδὼς δέ μιν εἶχεν ἀλῶναι·

'Yet grant me this at least, whene'er I wed,
'That such a nymph may grace my nuptial bed.'
Thus spoke the youth; while others felt their woe
In silence rankle, and in silence grow.
But O Leander! when the virgin bright,
First struck thy eyes, and charm'd thy ravish'd sight:
Upon thy breast no sad concealment prey'd,
No doubts increased the wound that Love had made.
For when the rising flame began to impart
Its unresisted influence to thy heart,
Eager to gain the prize, thou would'st not prove
The pains of life, deprived of Hero's love!
On her bright glances, kindling soft desire,
Love wing'd his flight, and fann'd the growing fire;
And, ah, more surely beauty deals the blow,
Than the keen arrow from the bended bow:
Beauty, that first the roving eyes will find,
That charms the sense, and fixes on the mind!
Boldness, and hope, arise, and shame, and fear;
High beats the heart, and struggles in the snare;

Θάμβεε δ' εἶδος ἄριστον· ἔρως δ' ἀπενόσφισεν αἰδώ.
Θαρσαλέως δ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ἀναιδείην ἀγαπάζων,
Ἠρέμα ποσσὶν ἔβαινε, καὶ ἀντίον ἵστατο κούρης·
Λοξὰ δ' ὀπιπεύων δολερὰς ἐλέλιξεν ὀπωπὰς,
Νεύμασιν ἀφθόγγοισι παραπλάζων φρένα κούρης.
Αὐτὴ δ', ὡς ξυνέηκε πόθον δολόεντα Λεάνδρου,
Χαῖρεν ἐπ' ἀγλαΐῃσιν· ἐν ἡσυχίῃ δὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
Πολλάκις ιμερόεσσαν ἐὴν ἀπέκρυψεν ὀπωπὴν,
Νεύμασι λαθριδίοισιν ὑπαγγελέουσα Λεάνδρῳ,
Καὶ πάλιν ἀντέκλινεν. ὁ δ' ἔνδοθι θυμὸν ἰάνθη,
Ὅτι πόθον ξυνέηκε, καὶ οὐκ ἀπεσείσατο κούρη.
Ὄφρα μὲν οὖν Λείανδρος ἐδίζετο λάθριον ὥρην,
Φέγγος ἀναστείλασα κατήϊεν ἐς δύσιν Ἠώς·

Swift o'er the cheek the mantling blushes spread—
At Love's command the mantling blushes fade;
And Love, too powerful for concealment grown,
Inspires the breast with courage all his own.
Approaching nearer now with gentlest grace,
Confess'd the suitor stands before her face;
The sidelong glance his eyes expressive dart;
His looks, his smiles assail the virgin's heart.
The artful maid perceives his bosom's pain,
Pleased with the charms that such a conquest gain;
Her face though oft to turn away she tries,
Her blushes tell the truth her look denies:
And vain the averted look! the smile would speak
Her secret wishes on her dimpled cheek:
So, when she turn'd again complacent round,
Leander felt his breast with rapture bound,
To see her suffer with a mutual pain,
Mark all his cares, nor mark them with disdain.
And now he watch'd the hour with eager eye,
When scarce the sunbeams linger'd in the sky,

Ἐκ περάτης δ' ἀνέφαινε βαθύσκιος ἕσπερος ἀστήρ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ Θαρσαλέως μετεκίαθεν ἐγγύθι κούρης,
Ὡς ἴδε κυανόπεπλον ἐπιθρῴσκουσαν ὁμίχλην,
Ἠρέμα μὲν Θλίζων ῥοδοειδέα δάκτυλα κούρης,
Βυσσόθεν ἐστονάχιζεν ἀθέσφατον. ἡ δὲ σιωπῇ
Οἷά τε χωομένη ῥοδέην ἐξέσπασε χεῖρα.
Ὡς δ' ἐρατῆς ἐνόησε χαλίφρονα νεύματα κούρης,
Θαρσαλέως παλάμῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἕλκε χιτῶνα,
Ἔσχατα τιμήεντος ἄγων ἐπὶ κεύθεα νηοῦ.
Ὀκναλέοις δὲ ποδέσσιν ἐφέσπετο παρθένος Ἠρώ,
Οἷά περ οὐκ ἐθέλουσα· τοίην δ' ἀνενείκατο φωνήν,
Θηλυτέροις ἐπέεσσιν ἀπειλείουσα Λεάνδρῳ·

Ξεῖνε, τί μαργαίνεις; τί με, δύσμορε, παρθένον ἕλκεις;
Ἄλλην δεῦρο κέλευθον· ἐμὸν δ' ἀπόλειπε χιτῶνα·

When in the west, pale harbinger of night,
The star of eve faint glimmer'd on the sight;
And as the shadows lengthen'd on his view,
To the fair maid the advent'rous lover drew.
Her roseate hand, with warmth he softly press'd,
While the deep sigh burst, struggling, from his breast.
The bashful nymph, with feign'd displeasure fired,
Silent and coy her roseate hand retired.
But, when the tokens of her mutual flame,
Her smiles, and signals to his memory came;
On her bright robe his bolder hand he laid,
And to the altar drew the timid maid.
Doubtful, and slow, her steps disguised but ill
The soft compliance of her yielding will;
For still she follow'd where her lover led,
Murmur'd, and smiled, resisted, and obey'd,
And with such threats as maidens oft employ,
She chid the boldness, that she saw with joy.
'What madness, stranger, has possess'd thy mind?
'Quit thy rude grasp, nor hold me thus confined;—

Μῆνὶν ἐμῶν ἀπόειπε πολυκλεάνων γενετήρων·
Κύπριδος οὔ σοι ἔοικε θεῆς ἱέρειαν ἀφάσσειν·
Παρθενικῆς ἐπὶ λέκτρον ἀμήχανόν ἐστιν ἱκέσθαι.
Τοῖα μὲν ἠπείλησεν ἐοικότα παρθενικῆσιν.
Θηλείης δὲ Λέανδρος ἐπεὶ κλύεν οἴστρον ἀπειλῆς,
Ἔγνω πειθομένων σημήϊα παρθενικάων.
(Καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' ἠϊθέοισιν ἀπειλείωσι γυναῖκες,
Πλαζομένης κραδίης αὐτάγγελοί εἰσιν ἀπειλαί.)
Παρθενικῆς δ' εὔοδμον ἑϋχροον αὐχένα κύσας,
Τοῖον μῦθον ἔειπε πόθου βεβολημένος οἴστρῳ.
Κύπρι φίλη μετὰ Κύπριν, Ἀθηναίη μετ' Ἀθήνην,
(Οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίῃσιν ἴσην καλέω σε γυναιξίν,
Ἀλλά σε θυγατέρεσσι Διὸς Κρονίωνος ἐΐσκω.)

'Beware the vengeance of my father's hate,
'And dread the rage thy rashness may create;
'Nor let thy hands, unhallow'd, dare disgrace
'The sacred servant of this holy place;
'Nor let thy headstrong passions thus invade
'The chaste seclusion of a spotless maid.'
As from her lips this gentle menace flew,
The yielding signals of consent he knew,
(For when in threats and borrow'd frowns, the fair
Repel the youth, and chide his amorous care;
The threat, so utter'd, serves but to reveal
The struggling truth it labours to conceal;)
Then, soft reclining on her fragrant breast,
His eager lips the ardent kiss impress'd:
And, as around her graceful form he hung,
Love gave him words, and love adorn'd his tongue.
'Wise 'mongst the wisest! fairest of the fair!
'What mortal beauty shall with thine compare?
'Who claim'st the honours of a race divine,
'And draw'st from heaven thy consecrated line!

Ὄλβιος ὃς σ' ἐφύτευσε, καὶ ὀλβίη, ἣ τέκε, μήτηρ,
Γαστὴρ, ἣ σ' ἐλόχευσε, μακαρτάτη· ἀλλὰ λιτάων
Ἡμετέρων ἐπάκουε, πόθου δ' οἴκλειρον ἀνάγκην.
Κύπριδος ὡς ἱέρεια, φυλάσσεο Κύπριδος ὀργήν.
Δεῦρ' ἴθι, μυστιπόλευε γαμήλια θεσμὰ θεαίνης·
Παρθένον οὐκ ἐπέοικεν ὑποδρήσσειν Ἀφροδίτῃ·
Παρθενικαῖς οὐ Κύπρις ἰαίνεται. Ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς
Θεσμὰ θεῆς ἐρόεντα, καὶ ὅρκια πιστὰ δαῆναι,
Ἔστι γάμος καὶ λέκτρα. σὺ δ' εἰ φιλέεις Κυθέρειαν,
Θελξινόων ἀγάπαζε μελίφρονα θεσμὸν ἐρώτων·
Σὸν δ' ἱκέτην με νόμιζε, καὶ, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, παρακοίτην,
Τόν σοι Ἔρως ἤγρευσεν ἑοῖς βελέεσσι κιχήσας.
Ὡς θρασὺν Ἡρακλῆα θοὸς χρυσόῤῥαπις Ἑρμῆς
Θητεύειν ἐκόμιζεν Ἰαρδανίην ποτὶ νύμφην.
Σοὶ δέ με Κύπρις ἔπεμπε, καὶ οὐ σοφὸς ἦγαγεν Ἑρμῆς.

'Beyond all fathers is thy father bless'd,
'Who sees thy beauties thus by all confess'd;
'Beyond all mothers shall thy mother shine,
'Who sees such virtues in her child combine.
'Oh deign to view me with benignant eyes!
'Shall Venus' priestess Venus' power despise?
'On me bestow the blessing of thy charms,
'And learn her precepts in thy lover's arms;
'For 'tis not fit a virgin's lips should raise,
'Before her shrine, the hallow'd hymn of praise:
'Ne'er to a maid will She auspicious prove,—
'Her altars blaze with hymeneal love;
'Then if thy breast with duteous fervour glows,
'Scorn not the rites her high commands impose.
'But view me now a suppliant at thy feet!—
'Ah, with some name more dear that suppliant greet!
'As Hermes once to Lydia's empress sold,
'In happy vassallage, Alcides bold.
'(Though ne'er on me such grace the God bestow'd,
'To lead my steps to Hero's bless'd abode.)

Παρθένος οὔ σε λέληθεν ἀπ' Ἀρκαδίης Ἀταλάντη,
Ἤ ποτε Μειλανίωνος ἐρασσαμένου φύγεν εὐνὴν,
Παρθενίης ἀλέγουσα· χολωσαμένης δ' Ἀφροδίτης,
Τὸν πάρος οὐκ ἐπόθησεν, ἐνὶ κραδίῃ δέτο πάσῃ.
Πείθεο καὶ σὺ, φίλη, μὴ Κύπριδι μῆνιν ἐγείρῃς.
Ὣς εἰπὼν, παρέπεισεν ἀναινομένης φρένα κούρης,
Θυμὸν ἐρωτοτόκοισι παραπλάγξας ἐνὶ μύθοις.
Παρθενικὴ δ' ἄφθογγος ἐπὶ χθόνα πῆξεν ὀπωπὴν,
Αἰδοῖ ἐρυθιόωσαν ὑποκλέπτουσα παρειὴν,
Καὶ χθονὸς ἔξεεν ἄκρον ἐπ' ἴχνεσιν· αἰδομένη δὲ
Πολλάκις ἀμφ' ὤμοισιν ἑὸν ξυνέεργε χιτῶνα.

'So may I boast, and boast with greater pride
'That Venus' self has been thy lover's guide.
'Sure you have heard how Atalanta fled,
'Too careful maid, Milanion's nuptial bed;
'But Cytherea soon, in anger, raised
'An equal flame, that in her bosom blazed.
'His form, despised before, then fill'd her breast,
'And every thought, and all her heart possess'd.
'My fair, be warn'd! my tender wishes crown,
'Nor draw the vengeance of thy Goddess down.'
Thus as he spake with soft persuasive art,
His pleading fix'd the virgin's wavering heart:
Trembling, and mute, upon the ground she threw
Her bashful eyes, that shunn'd his eager view;
And much she strove the burning blush to hide,
That mantled o'er her cheek with maiden pride.
While on the floor her restless foot that play'd,
Her secret heart irresolute betray'd.
Oft o'er her neck she drew her sheltering vest,
To hide the rising beauties of her breast.

Πειθοῦς γὰρ τάδε πάντα προάγγελα· παρθενικῆς δὲ
Πειθομένης ἀναφανδὸν ὑπόσχεσίς ἐστι σιωπή.
Ἤδη καὶ γλυκύπικρον ἐδέξατο κέντρον ἐρώτων,
Θέρμετο δὲ καρδίην γλυκερῷ πυρὶ παρθένος Ἠρώ,
Κάλλεϊ δ' ἱμερόεντος ἀνεπλήσατο Λεάνδρου.
Ὄφρα μὲν οὖν ποτὶ γαῖαν ἔχεν νεύουσαν ὀπωπήν,
Τόφρα δὲ καὶ Λείανδρος ἐρωμανέεσσι προσώποις
Οὐ κάμεν εἰσορόων ἀπαλόχροον αὐχένα κούρης.
Ὤψὲ δὲ Λειάνδρῳ γλυκερὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνὴν,
Αἰδοῦς ὑγρὸν ἔρευθος ἀποστάζουσα προσώπου·
Ξεῖνε, θεοῖς ἐπέεσσι τάχ' ἂν καὶ πέτρον ὁρίναις.
Τίς σε πολυπλανέων ἐπέων ἐδίδαξε κελεύθους;
Οἴ μοι, τίς σ' ἐκόμισσεν ἐμὴν ἐς πατρίδα γαῖαν;
Ταῦτα δὲ πάντα μάτην ἐφθέγξαο· πῶς γὰρ ἀλήτης
Ξεῖνος ἐών, καὶ ἄπυστος, ἐμῇ φιλότητι μιγείης;

These tokens spake consent! for oft the fair,
Consent, by silent tokens, most declare;
And Hero felt the pleasing pain of love,
With warmth divine, through all her bosom move,
As o'er his form she cast her ravish'd sight,
And view'd his beauty with amazed delight.
Now, to the earth while bent with timid grace,
Her bashful looks conceal'd her blushing face,
His eyes, that sparkled with delight and love,
O'er her fair bosom never ceased to rove.
At length her soften'd voice essay'd to speak,
The tear slow stealing down her burning cheek.
'Stranger! indeed, so fair thy words appear,
'The rocks themselves would not refuse to hear.
'Who taught thy language with seductive art,
'To win its passage to a virgin's heart?
'Who taught thy steps my native shore to gain?—
'But all thy eloquent deceit is vain.
'For how canst thou, a wanderer, hope to join
'Thy hands, unknown, in marriage bonds with mine?

Ἀμφαδὸν οὐ δυνάμεσθα γάμοις ὁσίοισι πελάσσαι·
Οὐ γὰρ ἐμοῖς τοκέεσσιν ἐπεύαδεν. Ἦν δ' ἐθελήσῃς
Ὡς ξεῖνος πολύφοιτος ἐμὴν ἐς πατρίδα μίμνειν,
Οὐ δύνασαι σκοτόεσσαν ὑποκλέπτειν ἀφροδίτην.
Γλῶσσα γὰρ ἀνθρώπων φιλοκέρτομος· ἐν δὲ σιωπῇ
Ἔργον, ὅ, περ τελέει τις, ἐνὶ τριόδοισιν ἀκούει.
Εἰπὲ δὲ, μὴ κρύψῃς, τεὸν οὔνομα, καί σέο πάτρην,
Οὐ γὰρ ἐμόν σε λέληθεν· ἐμοὶ δ' ὄνομα κλυτὸν, Ἠρώ.
Πύργος δ' ἀμφιζόηλος ἐμὸς δόμος οὐρανομήκης,
Ὦ ἔνι ναιετάουσα σὺν ἀμφιπόλῳ τινὶ μούνῃ,
Σηστιάδος πρὸ πόλιος ὑπὲρ βαθυκύμονας ὄχθας,
Γείτονα πόντον ἔχω, στυγεραῖς βουλῇσι τοκήων.
Οὐδέ μοι ἐλγὺς ἔασιν ὁμήλικες, οὐδὲ χορεῖαι
Ἠϊθέων παρέασιν· ἀεὶ δ' ἀνὰ νύκτα καὶ ἠῶ,

‘ How can we e’er our mutual vows fulfil?
‘ My parents’ choice must fix their daughter’s will.
‘ Or if, O stranger, here thou wouldst abide,
‘ Thy furtive joys thou ne’er must hope to hide:
‘ For much the tongue of man in slander deals,
‘ And oft the act that silence deep conceals,
‘ Some idle talker sportively reveals.
‘ Now tell, and tell me true, thy land, thy name,
‘ Concealing nought, for lo! I tell the same:
‘ Hero I’m call’d; those towers that pierce the skies,
‘ Well known afar, to deck my mansion rise.
‘ The harsh restriction of my parents’ voice,
‘ Within the temple’s walls confines my choice;
‘ Whose lofty turrets rear’d in gloomy state
‘ Crown the deep shores without the city’s gate.
‘ And while in solitude my days I wear,
‘ One only servant plies for me her care.
‘ No cheerful dances of the associate youth
‘ The sad seclusion of my dwelling soothe;

Ἐξ ἁλὸς ἠνεμόφωνος ἐπιῤῥέμει οὔασιν ἠχή.
Ὡς φαμένη, ῥοδέην ὑπὸ φάρεϊ κρύπτε παρειὴν,
Ἔμπαλιν αἰδομένη, σφετέροις δ' ἐπεμέμφετο μύθοις.
Λείανδρος δὲ, πόθου βεβολημένος ὀξέϊ κέντρῳ,
Φράζετο πῶς κεν Ἔρωτος ἀεθλεύσειεν ἀγῶνα.
Ἄνδρα γὰρ αἰολόμητις Ἔρως βελέεσσι δαμάζει,
Καὶ πάλιν ἀνέρος ἕλκος ἀκέσσεται. οἷσι δ' ἀνάσσει,
Αὐτὸς ὁ πανδαμάτωρ βουληφόρος ἐστὶ βροτοῖσιν.
Αὐτὸς καὶ ποθέοντι τότε χραίσμησε Λεάνδρῳ.
Ὀψὲ δ' ἀλαστήσας πολυμήχανον ἔννεπε μυθον·
Παρθένε, σὸν δι' ἔρωτα καὶ ἄγριον οἶδμα περήσω,
Εἰ πυρὶ παφλάζοιτο, καὶ ἄπλοον εἶεν ἂν ὕδωρ.
Οὐ τρομέω βαρὺ χεῦμα, τεὴν μετανεύμενος ἐυνὴν,
Οὐ βρόμον ἠχήεντα περιπτώσσοιμι θαλάσσης·
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ κατὰ νύκτα φορεύμενος ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης
Νήξομαι Ἑλλήσποντον ἀγάῤῥοον· οὐχ ἕκαθεν γὰρ

‘ But night and day the lonely sound I hear
‘ Of breaking surges murmur on my ear.’
Beneath her robe she hid her blushing head,
Trembled with shame, and wish’d her words unsaid.
But the fond youth by Love and beauty snared,
Now artful plans and wily schemes prepared.
For oft, though Love inflicts a painful smart,
His power can heal as well as wound the heart;
And in those bosoms where he most commands,
The tyrant breaks himself the slavish bands.
Thus too he deign’d to soothe Leander’s woe,
And taught his speech with artful grace to glow.
‘ Maid! for thy love the watery pass I’d brave,
‘ Nor heed the danger of the boisterous wave.
‘ Across the main though angry lightnings fly,
‘ And stormy billows mingle with the sky;
‘ Be thou my prize, I’ll view without dismay
‘ The billows threaten, and the lightnings play.
‘ Each night these arms the waters shall divide,
‘ And waft thy vent’rous husband to thy side.

Ἀντία σειο πόλησς ἔχω πολιέθρον Ἀζύδου.
Μοῦνον ἐμοὶ ἕνα λύχνον ἀπ' ἠλιβάτου σεο πύργου
Ἐκ περάτης ἀνάφαινε κατὰ κνέφας· ὄφρα νοήσας
Ἔσσομαι ὁλκὰς Ἔρωτος, ἔχων σέθεν ἀσφάλεα λύχνον,
Καί μιν ὀπιπλεύων, οὐκ ὄψομαι δύντα Βοώτην,
Οὐ Δρασὺν Ὠρίωνα, καὶ ἄρρηχον ὁλκὸν Ἁμάξης,
Πατρίδος ἀντιπόρροιο ποτὶ γλυκὺν ὅρμον ἱκοίμην.
Ἀλλὰ, φίλη περφύλαξο βαρυπνείοντας ἀήτας,
Μή μιν ἀποσβέσσωσι, (καὶ αὐτίκα Δυμὸν ὀλέσσω)
Λύχνον ἐμοῦ βιότοιο φαεσφόρον ἡγεμονῆα.
Εἰ ἐτεὸν δ' ἐθέλεις ἐμὸν ὄνομα καὶ σὺ δαῆναι,
Ὄνομά μοι Λείανδρος, ἐϋστεφάνου πόσις Ἡροῦς.
Ὡς οἱ μὲν κρυφίοισι γάμοις συνέθεντο μιγῆναι,
Καὶ νυχίην φιλότητα καὶ ἀγλαΐην ὑμεναίων

'Nor far from hence I dwell, where, 'cross the strait,
'Abydos' walls preserve their ancient state.
'Hang from thy tower but one directing light,
'To guide my efforts in the gloom of night,
'That, fraught with love, my track I may explore,
'And thou, my star, shalt lead me to the shore.
'I need not then attend, with eager gaze,
'To view Boötes' setting honours blaze,
'Nor great Orion's glories, nor the Wain,
'That never veils its light beneath the main;
'When love, resistless love, my steps shall guide
'Across the perils of the foaming tide.
'And heed, my fair, lest rude the winds should blow,
'And blast the only light my eyes can know;
'For in the torch thy faithful hand uprears,
'The bright protector of my life appears.
'Leander I am named; by fate design'd
'Thee, loveliest maid, in Hymen's laws to bind.'

With plighted faith they now prepare to prove
The hidden pleasures of clandestine love.

Λύχνου μαρτυρίῃσιν ἐπιστώσαντο φυλάξειν·
Ἡ μὲν φῶς τανύειν, ὁ δὲ κύμαΐα μακρὰ περῆσαι.
Παννυχίδας δ' ἀνύσαντες ἀκοιμήτων ὑμεναίων,
Ἀλλήλων ἀέκοντες ἐνοσφίσθησαν ἀνάγκῃ.
Ἡ μὲν ἐὸν ποτὶ πύργον, ὁ δ' ὀρφναίην ἀνὰ νύκτα,
Μή τι παραπλάζοιτο, λαβὼν σημήϊα πύργου,
Πλῶε βαθυκρήπιδος ἐπ' εὐρέα δῆμον Ἀζύδου.
Παννυχίων δ' ὀάρων κρυφίους ποθέοντες ἀέθλους
Πολλάκις ἠρήσαντο μολεῖν Ἁλαμηπόλον ὄρφνην.
Ἤδη κυανόπεπλος ἀνέδραμε νυκτὸς ὁμίχλη,
Ἀνδράσιν ὕπνον ἄγουσα καὶ οὐ ποθέοντι Λεάνδρῳ·
Ἀλλὰ πολυφλοίσβοιο παρ' ἠϊόνεσσι θαλάσσης
Ἀγγελίην ἀνέμιμνε φαεινομένων ὑμεναίων,
Μαρτυρίην λύχνοιο πολύκλαυστοιο δοκεύων,
Ἑυνῆς τε κρυφιῆς τηλεσκόπον ἀγγελιώτην.

To observe the unerring guidance of the light,
That call'd to joy and deck'd the welcome night.
Her care, its ray directing to supply,
And his, the horrors of the deep to try.
Thus as they pass'd, not heeding its decay,
In tenderest converse all the night away,
The hated morn arrived; a forced farewell
Trembling from either tongue reluctant fell.
The maid now hastes her turret to regain,
The youth to bend his course across the main,
Observing well where hung the light, to guide
His vent'rous wanderings through the stormy tide:
And with desire as oft their breasts would burn,
Repeated prayers invoked the night's return.—
The long wish'd night at length, in sable vest,
Soothed, save Leander's, every care to rest.
With eager eyes he hasted to explore
The beaming herald on the adverse shore:
Watching, with care, its distant wavering ray,
That call'd to rites of hidden love away;

Ὡς δ' ἴδε κυανέης λιποφεγγέα νυκτὸς ὁμίχλην
Ἠρὼ λύχνον ἔφαινεν· ἀναπλομένοιο δὲ λύχνου,
Θυμὸν Ἔρως ἔφλεξεν ἐπειγομένοιο Λεάνδρου·
Λύχνῳ καιομένῳ συνεκαίετο· πάρ δὲ θαλάσσῃ
Μαινομένων ῥοθίων πολυηχέα βόμβον ἀκούων,
Ἔτρεμε μὲν τοπρῶτον, ἔπειτα δὲ θάρσος ἀείρας,
Τοίοισι προσέλεκτο παρηγορέων φρένα μύθοις.
Δεινὸς Ἔρως, καὶ πόντος ἀμείλιχος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
Ἐστὶν ὕδωρ, τὸ δ' Ἔρωτος ἐμὲ φλέγει ἐνδόμυχον πῦρ.
Λάζεο πῦρ κραδίη, μὴ δείδιθι νήχυτον ὕδωρ,
Δεῦρό μοι εἰς φιλότητα. τί δὴ ῥοθίων ἀλεγίζεις;
Ἀγνώσσεις ὅτι Κύπρις ἀπόσπορός ἐστι θαλάσσης,
Καὶ κρατέει πόντοιο, καὶ ἠμετέρων ὀδυνάων.
Ὣς εἰπὼν, μελέων ἐρατῶν ἀπεδύσατο πέπλον
Ἀμφοτέρῃς παλάμῃσιν, ἐῷ δ' ἔσφιγξε καρήνῳ·
Ἠϊόνος δ' ἐξῶρτο, δέμας δ' ἔρριψε θαλάσσῃ,

For when the shades obscured the darkening sky,
The welcome signal Hero rear'd on high,
With grateful radiance to his view that came,
And in his bosom raised a kindred flame.
On the rude beach, that echo'd to the sound
Of billows breaking on the rocks around,
Fearful at first he stood—but soon more bold,
His anxious mind with hopes he thus consoled.
'Love urges on! his impulse I obey,
'Though danger waits me on the watery way!
'But, save its depths, the sea no peril knows,
'While in my breast a flame ungovern'd grows:
'Assume thy fires, my soul! though tempests rise,
'Haste to thy love! the threatening storm despise!
'Thou knowst that Venus from the sea arose,
'And this dear labour, her commands impose.''
Thus as he spake, with eager hand he tore
From off his graceful limbs the robe he wore;
Around his head the vestment safely bound,
And dared the menace of the gulf profound.

Λαμπομένου δ' ἔσπευδεν ἀεὶ κατεναντία λύχνου,
Αὐτὸς ἐὼν ἐρέτης, αὐτόστολος, αὐτόματος νηῦς.
Ἠρῳὸ δ' ἠλιβάτοιο φαεσφόρος ὑψόθι πύργου,
Λευγαλέης αὔρῃσιν ὅθεν πνεύσειεν ἀήτης,
Φάρεϊ πολλάκι λύχνον ἐπέσκεπεν, εἰσόκε Σηστῦ
Πολλὰ καμὼν Λείανδρος ἔζη ποτὶ ναύλοχον ἀκτὴν,
Καί μιν ἐὸν ποτὶ πύργον ἀνήγαγεν· ἐκ δὲ θυράων
Νυμφίον ἀσθμαίνονθα περιπτύξασα σιωπῇ,
Ἀφροκόμους ῥαθάμιγγας ἔτι στάζοντα θαλάσσης,
Ἤγαγε νυμφοκόμοιο μυχοὺς ἐπὶ παρθενεῶνος,
Καὶ χρόα πάντα κάθηρε, δέμας δ' ἔχριεν ἐλαίῳ
Εὐόδμῳ, ῥοδέῳ, καὶ ἁλιπνόον ἔσβεσεν ὀδμήν.
Εἰσέτι δ' ἀσθμαίνοντα βαθυστρώτοις ἐνὶ λέκτροις
Νυμφίον ἀμφιχυθεῖσα φιλήνορας ἴαχε μύθους.

Νυμφίε, πολλὰ μόγησας, ἃ μὴ πάθε νυμφίος ἄλλος,
Νυμφίε, πολλὰ μόγησας, ἅλις νύ τοι ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
Ὀδμή τ' ἰχθυόεσσα βαρυγδούποιο θαλάσσης.

Still as he swam he kept the light in view,
The pilot, passenger, and vessel too.
The watchful maid, who heard, with anxious mind,
The shrill contention of the howling wind,
Around the trembling light her mantle cast,
Till through the depths the faithful youth had pass'd.
Safe on the shore, then flew with joy to meet,
And guide her husband to the bless'd retreat.
Instant around his neck her arms she flung,
And on his panting breast in silence hung:
As down the salt drops trickled from his head,
Within the temple's walls his steps she led,
The roseate oil and perfume's costly dew,
Refreshing fragrance! o'er his limbs she threw;
Then, as at ease he lay, the tender maid
Press'd to his beating heart, and sweetly said,
'Oh, vent'rous youth! the dangers thou hast known,
'No youth but thee hath ever undergone.
'Oh, vent'rous youth! the briny sea hath shed
'Enough its stormy vengeance on thy head;

Δεῦρο, τεοὺς ἱδρῶτας ἐμοῖς ἐνικάτθεο κόλποις.
Ὣς ἡ μὲν ταῦτ' εἶπεν· ὁ δ' αὐτίκα λύσατο μίτρην,
Καὶ δεσμῶν ἐπέβησαν ἀριστονόου Κυθερείης.
Ἦν γάμος, ἀλλ' ἀχόρευτος· ἦεν λέχος, ἀλλ' ἄτερ ὕμνων.
Οὐ ζυγίην Ἥρην τις ἐπευφήμησεν ἀοιδός·
Οὐ δαΐδων ἥστραπτε σέλας Σαλαμηπόλον ἐυνήν·
Οὐδὲ πολυσκάρθμῳ τις ἐπεσκίρτησε χορείῃ·
Οὐχ ὑμέναιον ἄεισε πατὴρ, καὶ πότνια μήτηρ·
Ἀλλὰ λέχος στορέσασα τελεσσιγάμοισιν ἐν ὥραις
Σιγὴ παστὸν ἔπηξεν, ἐνυμφοκόμησε δ' ὁμίχλη·
Καὶ γάμος ἦν ἀπανένθεν ἀειδομένων ὑμεναίων.
Νὺξ μὲν ἔην κείνοισι γαμοστόλος· οὐδέποτ' Ἠὼς
Νυμφίον εἶδε Λέανδρον ἀριγνώτοις ἐνὶ λέκτροις.

'Come now, reclining on my faithful breast,
'Let all the memory of thy labours rest.'
Thus fell her grateful words; nor he delay'd
To seize with eagerness the yielding maid;
And lost in mutual fondness, they became
The willing subjects of the smiling Dame.
No pomp accustom'd deck'd their marriage night;
No hymn high chanted graced their nuptial rite;
No bard invoked protecting Juno's care;
No hallow'd torches shed their sacred glare;
No bounding dancer cheer'd the enlivened throng;
No parent pour'd the hymeneal song:
But in that peaceful hour their couch was spread,
When Love exerts his empire unallay'd;
Silence alone the nuptial curtains tied,
And shades alone adorn'd the blushing bride.
Far from the solemn peal, and choral voice,
None but the Night was witness to their joys;
Nor saw the Morning, when her beams she shed,
The husband slumbering in the sculptured bed.

Νήχετο δ' ἀντιπόροιο πάλιν ποτὶ δῆμον Ἀζύδου
Ἐννυχίων ἀκόρητος ἔτι πνείων ὑμεναίων·
Ἡρὼ δ' ἑλκεσίπεπλος ἑοὺς λήθουσα τοκῆας,
Παρθένος ἠματίη, νυχίη γυνή· ἀμφότεροι δὲ
Πολλάκις ἠήσαντο κατελθέμεν ἐς δύσιν Ἠῶ.

Ὡς οἱ μὲν φιλότητος ὑποκλέπτοντες ἀνάγκην
Κρυπταδίῃ τέρποντο μετ' ἀλλήλων Κυθερείῃ.
Ἀλλ' ὀλίγον ζώεσκον ἐπὶ χρόνον, οὐδ' ἐπὶ δηρὸν
Ἀλλήλων ἀπόναντο πολυπλάγκτων ὑμεναίων.
Δὴ γὰρ παχνήεντος ἐπήλυθε χείματος ὥρη
Φρικαλέας δονέουσα πολυστροφάλιγγας ἀέλλας,
Βένθεα δ' ἀστήρικτα καὶ ὑγρὰ δέμεθλα θαλάσσης
Χειμέριοι πνείοντες ἀεὶ στυφέλιζον ἄῆται,
Λαίλαπι μαστίζοντες ὅλην ἅλα· τυπτομένης δὲ,
Ἤδη νῆα μέλαιναν ἀπέκλασε διχθάδι χέρσῳ
Χειμερίην καὶ ἄπιστον ἀλυσκάζων ἅλα ναύτης.
Ἀλλ' οὐ χειμερίης σε φόβος πατέρυκε θαλάσσης,
Καρτερόθυμε Λέανδρε· διακτορίη δέ σε πύργου,

Again he dared the dangers of the main,
Guarded by Love; and sought his native plain.
While she deceived her parents' careful sight,
By day a virgin, and a wife by night——
And oft for night with mutual zeal they pray'd,
And chid the slowness of the approaching shade.
But ah! not long their furtive bliss endured,
With toil and enterprize severe procured;
For soon the louring tempest hurtled round,
The sky shrill echo'd with the whirlwind's sound;
The fierce blast capp'd with foam the billow's head,
And shook the ocean to its inmost bed;
O'er all the sea, with unresisted force,
The stormy horrour bent its furious course.
The fearful sailor, who the tempest saw,
Strove to the shore his shatter'd bark to draw,
Where safe from harm the vessel might abide,
Free from the dangers of the treacherous tide.
Thee, braver youth! no menaces alarm'd,
No fear appall'd the heart that Love had arm'd:

Ἠθάδα σημαίνουσα φαεσφορίην ὑμεναίων,
Μαινομένης ἄτρυνεν ἀφειδήσαντα θαλάσσης,
Νηλειὴς καὶ ἄπιστος. ὄφελε δὲ δύσμορος Ἡρὼ,
Χείματος ἱσταμένοιο, μένειν ἀπάνευθε Λεάνδρου,
Μηκέτ' ἀναπλομένη μινυώριον ἀστέρα λέκτρων.
Ἀλλὰ πόθος καὶ μοῖρα βιήσατο· θελγομένη δὲ
Μοιράων, ἀνέφαινε, καὶ οὐκέτι δαλὸν Ἐρώτων.
Νὺξ ἦν, εὖτε μάλιστα βαρυπνείοντες ἄῆται,
Χειμερίης πνοιῇσιν ἀκοντίζοντες ἄῆται,
Ἀθρόον ἐμπίπλουσιν ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖνι θαλάσσης.
Δὴ τότε Λειάνδρός περ, ἐθήμονος ἐλπίδι νύμφης,
Δυσκελάδων πεφόρητο θαλασσαίων ἐπὶ νώτων.

As on the tower, across the gulf, uprear'd
The blazing messenger of joy appear'd,
Thy dauntless courage panted but to prove
The raging sea no obstacle to love!
Ah, had but Hero then forborne to urge
Her hapless husband o'er the boisterous surge!
Forborne to kindle the inviting light,
To gain the raptures of one short-lived night!
But eager passion in her bosom rose
Spurning restraint, and Fate decreed her woes.
The torch, scarce shelter'd from the rude wind's breath,
No more the torch of Love, now gleam'd with Death.
As night approach'd, from every side the blast
With piercing rage in hoarse contention pass'd;
In one collected whirlwind then it roar'd,
And o'er the deep its drifting fury pour'd.
Yet hope illumed Leander's anxious breast,
And recollection soothed his fears to rest,
While through the dangers of the flood he strove
To gain the distant mansion of his love.

Ἤδη κύματι κῦμα κυλίνδετο, σύγχυτο δ' ὕδωρ,
Αἰθέρι μίσγετο πόντος· ἀνέγρετο πάντοθεν ἠχὴ
Μαρναμένων ἀνέμων· Ζεφύρῳ δ' ἀντέπνεεν Εὖρος,
Καὶ Νότος ἐς Βορέην μεγάλας ἀφέηκεν ἀπειλάς·
Καὶ κτύπος ἦν ἁλίαστος ἐρισμαράγοιο θαλάσσης.
Αἰνοπαθὴς δὲ Λέανδρος ἀκηλήτοις ἐνὶ δίναις
Πολλάκι μὲν λιτάνευσε θαλασσαίην Ἀφροδίτην,
Πολλάκι δ' αὐτὸν ἄνακτα Ποσειδάωνα θαλάσσης·
Ἀτθίδος οὐ Βορέην ἀμνήμονα κάλλιπε νύμφης.
Ἀλλὰ οἱ οὔτις ἄρηγεν. Ἔρως δ' οὐκ ἤρκεσε Μοίρας.
Πάντοθι δ' ἀγρομένοιο δυσαντέϊ κύματος ὁρμῇ
Τυπτόμενος πεφόρητο· ποδῶν δέ οἱ ὤκλασεν ὁρμὴ,

Wave over wave in quick succession flies:
The mighty billows mingle with the skies:
Shrill blows the bleak blast through the affrighted air,
And fills the heavens with elemental war:
In hissing torrents pours the pelting rain,
The forky lightnings shoot across the main:
While sullen, hoarse, the blacken'd clouds among,
In hollow broken peals the thunder rolls along.
In such a storm, which Love alone could bear,
Leander still pronounced the trembling prayer:
To Venus oft, the daughter of the sea,
His vows he paid in eager agony:
Boreas he call'd, in that tremendous hour,
Himself no stranger to Love's mighty power.
In vain! no hand with mercy fraught would move,
For Fate was stronger than the prayers of Love!
Toss'd on the surface of each rising wave,
He heard, appall'd, the howling tempest rave:
His languid knees, his feet, their aid denied:
His useless hand scarce clave the whelming tide;

Καὶ σθένος ἦν ἀδόνητον ἀκοιμήτων παλαμάων.
Πολλὴ δ' αὐτόμαλος χύσις ὕδατος ἔῤῥεε λαιμᾷ,
Καὶ ποτὸν ἀχῥῄϊστον ἁμαιμακέτου πίεν ἅλμης·
Καὶ δὴ λύχνον ἄπιστον ἀπέσβεσε πικρὸς ἀήτης,
Καὶ ψυχὴν καὶ ἔρωτα πολυτλήτοιο Λεάνδρου.
Ἡ δ', ἔτι δηθύνοντος, ἐπ' ἀγρύπνοισιν ὀπωπαῖς
Ἵστατο, κυμαίνουσα πολυκλαύστοισι μερίμναις.
Ἦλυθε δ' Ἠριγένεια καὶ οὐκ ἴδε νυμφίον Ἡρώ.
Πάντοθι δ' ὄμμα τίταινεν ἐπ' εὐρέα νῶτα θαλάσσης,
Εἴ που ἐσαθρήσειεν ἁλώμενον ὃν παρακοίτην
Λύχνου σβεννυμένοιο. Παρὰ κρηπῖδα δὲ πύργου
Θρυπτόμενον σπιλάδεσσιν ὅτ' ἔδρακε νεκρὸν ἀκοίτην,

And, as he swam, the bitter briny draught,
The panting youth involuntary quaff'd.
Now speeds the fatal blast! the trembling fire
Yields to the storm, and all its rays expire.
Thee, hapless youth! while struggling with the wave,
That trembling fire alone had power to save.
Wrapp'd in the darkness of the dreary night,
Thy life and passion perish'd with the light.
While Hero cast her sleepless gaze around,
A thousand fears combined her breast to wound.
Her eye she threw o'er all the gloomy way,
Trembling with doubt, and mourn'd his sad delay.
When, though the morn diffused its cheering power,
She saw no lover from the wonted tower;
Again her view o'er every rock she bent,
O'er every wave along the vast extent,
Lest, when the faithless light had beam'd no more,
His devious course had wander'd from the shore.
But when she saw, by each rude billow toss'd,
Her lifeless husband floating to the coast,

Δαιδαλέον ῥήξασα περὶ στήθεσσι χιτῶνα,
Ῥοιζηδὸν προκάρηνος ἀπ' ἠλιβάτου πέσε πύργου·
Καδδ' Ἡρῷ τέθνηκεν ἐπ' ὀλλυμένῳ παρακοίτῃ.
Ἀλλήλων δ' ἀπόναντο καὶ ἐν συμάτῳ περ ὀλέθρῳ.

Wild with despair, from off her snowy breast,
With frantick hands she rent her varied vest.
And from the tower, the cause of all her woe,
Plunged headlong downward to the deep below.
Thus in sweet intercourse their lives they pass'd,
And thus in dear sad union breathed their last.

Corrigenda.

8. pro	ουρανιη	lege	οὐρανιη.
8. pro	ουδ'	l.	οὐδ'.
14.	δομια pro ἐπέβην.		
14.	δομια pro εἶναι.		
18.	ἡμερόεσσαν caret aspirato.		
14. pro	ὄυκ	l.	οὐκ.
20.	πιστὴ caret circumflexo in ult.		
22.			
22. pro	ἐὶχροον	l.	ἐιχροον.
22.	ἰερειαν caret aspirato, lin. 2da		
32. pro	μιθοις	l.	μῦθοις.
32. pro	μιθον	l.	μῦθον.
34. pro	μιμηναι	l.	μιμῆναι.
44.	ἐπήλυθε caret leni.		
44. pro	πατέρινε	l.	πατέρινε.
44. pro	ου	l.	οὐ.
46. pro.	Λειλνδρος	l.	Λειάνδρος
50. pro.	ηρηπιδα	l.	ηρηπῖδα
50	σταθμήσειν caret leni.		